



Foggarty: a diary



19 0 0

Chapter 1 by MJZ

31st day after

Hold my secrets diary. At the heart of the last month's events I have stood, arms folded, short-sighted, waiting. I don't ask for forgiveness, only understanding. I have assumed the name Foggarty after the 22nd century poet whose immortal last line of poetry, 'From the hearts of wisdom came the pulse of change' I have tried to bring to reality. Of course, it is now clear that I have failed in wisdom, but change is surely here. I consider it a fitting pseudonym as Foggarty himself died in such wretched circumstances - a fitting hero for a fitting degenerate such as I am.

Worse to come.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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